

California GARDEN

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

AUTUMN, 1953

VOLUME 44, NO. 3

THE KATE SESSIONS ISSUE

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SESSIONS



Kate Olivia Sessions — 1857-1940

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California Garden acknowledges with appreciation the pictures of Miss Sessions, loaned by her cousin, Miss Eleanor Carroll, of Pomona.

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CALENDAR of EVENTS

OCTOBER

Tuesday, Oct., 20 8 p.m.

Philip E. Chandler, horticulturist, journalist, of Los Angeles, to lecture and show slides on "What We Can Learn from European Gardens."

NOVEMBER

Tuesday, Nov., 20 8 p.m.

Mrs. R. Paul Comstock, dahlia hybridizer, to present lecture with slides.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (TITLE 39, United States Code, Section 2331) of CALIFORNIA GARDEN published Quarterly at San Diego, California for Winter, 1950. Publisher: San Diego Floral Association, Balboa Park, San Diego, California. Editor: Mabel Hazard.

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California Garden

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

AUTUMN, 1953

VOL. 44, NO. 3

Miss Greer's devotion to Miss Sessions was inspiration for this All-Kate Sessions issue of CALIFORNIA GARDEN. Never having had the privilege of meeting the late great horticulturist, we asked Miss Greer to write so that we could see and hear Miss Sessions. Miss Greer not only reveals Miss Sessions through her own heart, but asked other friends of Miss Sessions to put down their impressions and memories, to produce a collection in which we, too, feel that we knew Kate.

Kate As I Knew Her

ALICE M. GREER

Just as the shaggy eucalypti fringing the skyline, the wide mesas tanning under the sun, and the open sea-scapes luring the imagination are all integral parts of the Southern California region, so is Kate Olivia Sessions an integral part of that region. Purposely I say "is," not "was," for, although at the age of 82, on Easter Eve, March, 1940, Miss Sessions passed on to the Great Garden, she is still with us. Her dynamic personality and keen intellect, coupled with that rich storehouse of knowledge, which was hers, and from which she constantly contributed to others, have left a heritage, which on account of its very nature is indestructible.

Verily, no other resident of this locality, not even the mayors or the prima donnas, was better known or more enjoyed. Interesting it is to note that feeling, akin to pride of possession, that emanates from every Kate Sessions "fan:" Old, young, male, female, all comprise the group. "Miss Sessions said," or, "Miss Sessions did," comes forth when arguments between horticulturists are rife. It is settled. No more discussion. Until very recently there was scarcely a nurseryman, floriculturist, or horticulturist, either amateur or professional, living in this

area who had not at some time apprenticed under "the authority," or sat under her tutelage.

I'm glad that the "O" in the familiar signature, K.O.S., stands for Olivia, for that name suggests



Kate, aged 16

to me just a bit of femininity and sophistication, and I like to think of Miss Sessions in such a role. The name smacks of a side of her nature not known by many, especially in her later years, when hard physical toil, trying Southern California elements, and ordinary vicissitudes of life had taken their toll.

Hanging in the San Diego Floral Association Building is a portrait of the Olivia Sessions—of course, a background of flowers, blue and violet, her favorite colors—a dressy lady in a high-necked blue silk dress, her white hair piled high off her forehead, her relaxed hands folded on her lap, all bespeaking a rather gentle, sophisticated Olivia—. This little remnant of the old Olivia is a holdover from the days in San Francisco and Oakland, when a rather conventional mother tried to guide a beautiful, brown-eyed, brown-haired, willful little girl along the paths of a "perfect lady," and from the days, also, when Olivia was a popular co-ed, majoring in science and agriculture at the University of California at Berkeley, from which she was graduated in 1881 with a B.S. in agriculture, one of the very few such degrees the college granted. The subject of her thesis was: "The Natural Sciences as a Field for Women's Labors." Picture the prettiest girl on the campus, for such Olivia was acclaimed, delving during those proper years into such messy things as soil, plants and labor!

In 1883 she was still the Olivia. It was then that, after having been a substitute teacher in the Oakland elementary school which she

had attended as a student, she came to the little town of San Diego to teach the eighth grade at Russ School, which some San Diego residents still remember. The school building stood in its tan-gray naked austerity on the present site of San Diego High School, and housed all grades from kindergarten through high school.

Ah, what a breathtakingly beautiful young lady came to the little town from the large northern city! The glamour girl of those days had indeed arrived. She was animated, had a "peaches-and-cream complexion," sparkling eyes, quantities of shining, dark hair, an infectious laugh, an independent spirit — independent of her many suitors—a zest for living, love for her students, and, best of all in the estimation of those students, no doubt, trunks full of stylish dresses, lacy neck-frills, and dainty shoes for dainty feet. All this Olivia had. She was, indeed, the fashionette of the day.

Although Miss Sessions was successful in the teaching field, and thoroughly enjoyed her young charges, as she sat behind her teacher's desk, her interest in floriculture ever tugged at her heart. Then it was, in 1884, that she entered her life work, and then it was that Olivia became just plain Kate.

The road from floriculturist to nurserywoman, to horticulturist, to lecturer, to writer, to traveler, to winner of the Myer Medal (awarded as outstanding recognition in the field of horticulture); and the climb from a small cottage garden in Coronado to the leading nursery in San Diego, later to a corner of Balboa Park; then as the city expanded, to an extensive nursery in Mission Hills, and finally to acreage at Pacific Beach was a long, arduous, uphill one for Miss Sessions, even with

her enthusiasm, indomitable will and powerful driving force, a force almost masculine, if you please, in its manner of impact.

By this time she had become one of the leading horticulturists of the United States and had changed into the typical Kate Sessions known to the 1910-1940 generation.

No more dainty shoes and dresses. Always she wore flat-heeled, high-topped, laced shoes —boys' shoes, ordered especially for her—. Someone recently remarked, "The first thing I think of in connection with Kate Sessions is her large feet." No. The shoes created that appearance, it is true, but her hands, her feet, her whole frame were small and well-formed. Her skin, of course, was tanned and roughened by exposure; her delicate hands with tapering, sensitized fingers, became hard and horny, but how tenderly they could fondle a pet plant! To return to the Kate Sessions's shoes, so practical for field work. In her Olivia shoes, how could she have worked beside her laborers, as was her wont, showing and directing them? I have seen her snatch the shovel from a Mexican laborer, dig the hole herself, plant the shrub, fill the hole, trample down the soil with her feet in those good, big shoes, and with a stamp of her foot, yell out. "Now, that's the only way to plant a shrub so it will grow. None of your piffle-piffle. Don't ever forget it." He never did forget it, and what respect he ever after held for the strong, stormy senora!

Atop the boots was a tan or brown tweed suit, seldom showing signs of recent cleaning or pressing, but displaying ample yardage in width and length and a huge, heavy pocket inserted in the side seam, from which peeked out clippers, wire, the famous

heavy pencil stubs, a tag or two, and other trivia; a high-necked "shirt-waist," and a felt hat pulled low over the fine brow and eyes and hiding the lovely hair, now turned gray and white. Did I say "hiding?" Wrong. There were always many and many long nape-locks. We all loved her that way. She was a personage.

Consciousness of clothes seemed to be non-existent with her; sense of food not there either. I always felt that if it were not for her good housekeepers and friends, she would be living on enthusiasm, dried figs from a paper sack, and English rock candy, which she adored. English rock candy really delighted her. I can see her hands now, fairly clutching at the jar, whenever we carried some to her, as we always tried to do. So direct was she in her speech, her thinking, her actions, in fact, in all her attitudes toward life, that she could not be bothered with what she termed "fussy-doodles," such as items of food and clothes.

Many a time while doing a landscape job in our neighborhood, we would see her climb down from the cab of her truck, and, weary, but undaunted, hump along the pergola to our door. I use the word "hump" purposely for, as the years advanced, in their span, Kate's eyes and head grew nearer and ever nearer to her beloved plants, and her back reached outward and ever more outward to catch the rain and sun that nourished those plants, until the lady was really quite humped. Incidentally, her hearing became badly impaired, and, consequently, her voice grew very raucous. "I want to have lunch with you," she would say on those days, when she had humped along, "Just a lot of bread and milk." So a lot of bread and milk it would be, and a lot of inspiring garden conversation, too.

Once she was dining with us. For her special enjoyment, so I thought, I had planned warm ginger-bread topped with whipped cream and a cherry, as something rather tempting. "Take that whipped stuff off," she said. "You know I don't eat it. Leave the cherry, and give me five or six more." This was true to type.

At times in the Kate, a flash of the Olivia of earlier years would unexpectedly come out. "I like your hat," commented she to a customer one day. The hat changed heads, from the customer's to Kate's. Kate wore that felt hat for many a year, acquired several more the same way, and with a merry twinkle in her eye told the story on herself.

Occasion came in 1935 for K.O.S. to be honored by a Kate Sessions Day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. She must be dressed up, in-spite-of, "I hate it." When at the leading ready-to-wear store, her friends had helped her in the selection of a taffeta dress, Kate said to the fitter, "Now I want a pocket like this one put in." The pocket under observation was the foot-long one made of bed ticking and inserted in the side seam of her tweed skirt. The well trained fitter complied. Miss Sessions looked dear the day of the festivities, but she was not herself, and I know full well that she was relieved when all the fanfare was at last over.

In a way, it is too bad that K.O.S. had such a little time for teaching, because her adult education classes and her classes with the children, when she was supervisor of nature study and gardening in the San Diego City Schools, were works of art. She had the ability to make even a piece of plain brown paper appear interesting. One never forgot what she taught, for her approach always had a human appeal, on the level

of the listener's understanding. "See," she would explain as she split the seed of a pitosporum, "pitos means sticky, and all these little seeds stick to your fingers with the glue that nests them." Again it would be, as she showed a child the bud of an *impatiens sultani*, "You can't forget this name. Look. The blossom is very impatient to see the light. Press the calyx. Pop! She's out and open." Could one ever forget?

According to Miss Sessions' philosophy, every garden in the San Diego area belonged to her! This in spite of the fact that she might not even know the owner. It was a common thing to hear her strident voice call out to her driver, "Stop the car." Her sharp eyes had spied some seeds or plants that she wanted, or that needed attention, or, perhaps, she was bursting to give some bit of unsolicited advice to the owner or gardener. Presto! She acted in no uncertain manner right then and there. If the owner of that garden had not known Kate before the onslaught, he certainly knew her after the incident and had a good story to boot.

No, the world was never circumscribed for Kate. With Marcus Aurelius, she believed, "O' I live in the heart of a great round world, and it all belongs to me." But to her that world was purely a horticultural one. In the field of politics, of fine arts, of civic affairs, with the exception, always, of those civic affairs having to do with city beautification or with park boards — she was several times a member of the Park Board of San Diego — she was at sea. Trite conversation bored her. Besides, she was so busy making her living, filling nursery orders, and paying off debts on large tracts of land, with which she often burdened herself, that she had little time left for much else.

When she traveled to the Hawaiian Islands, to Europe, or to nearer places, her letters and syndicated articles left one wondering as to her schedule, her health and all else, except plant life and noted horticulturists, whom she was meeting. In a letter to my mother written in her pretty, flowing handwriting, she fills six closely packed pages with descriptions of gardens and plant life in general that she was seeing; she closes with: "I shall want to urge San Diego to do more and more planting, and especially to grow the harder sorts from Ramona and higher up. These mountains should supply us with wonderfully fine flowers and ones that we don't see now." Then tucked away in a tiny corner, almost lost; "I shall be home by the 18th." Typical, yes, of her — always trying to bring something new and something fine to her fond San Diego, losing sense of self in her great enthusiasm and intense interest.

The very warp and woof of her existence seemed to be tied in with the San Diego Floral Association and the "California Garden," to which she was an avid and regular contributor from the time of its first number in July, 1909, to the time of her final illness. Of course, she was a charter member of the Association, organized in 1906, a director for many years, and one of its finest and hardest workers. Never did she miss one of its meetings, unless she were out of town, many times coming when she should have been on a sick bed, or having her beauty sleep after a hard day of work. We all noticed that in her later days, when she was frail, a meeting at the Floral Association put new life into her. At any rate, she put life into the meetings! She sat always in the front row, right, in a high-backed wicker chair, designated to this day as the "Kate Session's Chair," — which please

Miss Perry, who usually dispenses advice on how to care for the garden, this time tells on "Aunt Kate," a title which she feels fit her better than "Miss Sessions."

Aunt Kate

ADA PERRY

I can't honestly say I ever heard her snort right out loud in meeting. But I do know that I developed a hypersensitivity to anything resembling pusillanimous statements at Floral Association meetings. Because if "Aunt Kate" didn't actually snort at them, I knew they were fair game. There were those she didn't appear to hear and I would consider their authors just lucky. In this regard, there was a little game played by the regulars at the meetings. It

seemed to go like this, "I wonder if *Miss Sessions* heard that?"

Of course it was a pretty heavy ordeal to take that platform for three quarters of an hour, knowing that there was an authority in skirt and "bonnet" (that's what she called it once) sitting out front with a very small hand cupped to her ear. I always thought our local nurserymen were pretty good sports. Seemed to me they just ducked and grinned when they offered some-

thing they knew was bound to draw *Miss Sessions'* fire. But those out-of-town lads! They'd be involved before they knew it. If they were real nurserymen, they could laugh later and shake their heads about not being able to convince *Miss Sessions*. But if they were glib guys with a smattering of information and a large desire to turn a swift buck or two, I'd swear they sweated it out the entire evening.

Not many people called her Aunt Kate, though I liked the name much more than *Miss Sessions*, myself. A relative of hers by marriage had the nicest way of pronouncing the two words, friendly but respectful with just a touch of Boston. Of course my sister called *Miss Sessions* Aunt Kate always when speaking of her. But my sister was the frisky, small type and even little *Miss Sessions* seemed indulgent toward her.

Those were the good old days when *Miss Sessions* had her home on Mt. Soledad and her nephew had a beautiful nursery in old San Diego. And the good plants have lasted from that day to this. The new development going on in San Diego at the rate of 10,000 miles a minute, seems like, doesn't spoil the beauty of the trees and shrubs set out by *Miss Sessions* in the older parts of the city. And the plants who have carried on for her are beautifying the new homes of today and tomorrow.

I love to see a garden grown up with the plants I've heard her speak of at Floral Association meetings. Her voice was so clear,

note in the Floral Association Building next time you are there. She never came empty-handed. Always she brought new or interesting specimens to talk about. As she sat in her high-backed chair, with her hand cupped back of her hard-of-hearing ear, she would interrupt any speaker with whom she wished to argue or correct on some point. Many were the arguments, and what fun! Kate did not always win, was not always right, but never gave up gracefully.

Just a word about her home on Soledad, Pacific Beach, the last home she built, and, perhaps, her dreamhouse and garden come true. Here was a delightful blending of the Olivia and the Kate. Art treasures were there, relics from her travels, big clothes-closets for the "dresses I used to have," comforts of life, sun, open spaces, far away vistas of sea and hill, a multitude of unorganized, well thumbled books, magazines and papers, extensive gardens, and, best of all, many, many friends

— the great, the near-great, the never-great, the never-to-be-great — all bound together by that magic golden thread, the love of horticulture.

At her Pacific Beach nursery a crude little wooden building served *Miss Sessions* as her office. Huge acanthus plants flanked either side of the door, gay-colored succulents hugged the foundation, "divine disorder" covered the desk and the counters inside with books, circulars, cans, pots, string. Kate in her tweeds, her big shoes, her felt hat pulled low over her eyes, and with her nape-locks beckoning to her humped back, stood by the car to say good-by. She kissed my mother. Impulsive tears filled her eyes and her voice. "You have two dear girls to be with you. I never had any. Take fine care of each other." Alone, she stood waving until we were out of sight. Did we wish that K.O.S. in her halcyon Olivia days had married and now had "two dear girls" to be with her? Yes, and no. "Great souls are lonely souls."

This IS Kate As I Knew Her.

the remarks come back in memory, along with the piece of the plant she was brandishing and saying it was a "good thing and very beautiful."

She had me up to dinner and an interview at her Soledad home once. I forget whether that was the time she said she would write an autobiography someday. Mr. Gookins of the former Harris Seed Co. had suggested that I ask to do a story of her life. She was awfully uninterested. Certainly wasn't going to be bothered with it at that time. But she tramped all over the garden in one of those billowy skirts of hers, showing me each plant.

Her sense of humor was a lot different from most, I thought. She did find things plants did rather humorous, it seemed to me. But there was the speech at the '35 Exposition by George Maston. Aunt Kate was on the platform. Mr. Marston was one of my favorite people, due to Presidio Park, his own garden, and the fact he would "yarn a little" now and then. That speech he was "yarnin'," and related that he had been referred to as the Father of Balboa Park while Miss Sessions was acclaimed the Mother of the Park. He acknowledged this honor with proper modesty and seemed very tickled with himself. Every San Diegan in the audience responded merrily. But Miss Sessions sat absolutely poker-faced as far as I could see. Maybe she just didn't pay much attention to Mr. Marston's speeches or yarns.

I believe it would be a thoughtful thing if this city were to see to it that a cactus and succulent expert be appointed to take care of her garden on Park Boulevard. It is just as bad as any of the catch-all corners in our gardens or homes, only it is not hidden from view.

Mr. Evans' first meeting with Miss Sessions was from behind a Matilija poppy!

My Memory Wakes

HUGH EVANS

When as a boy of 18 I came from England to San Diego County in 1892, there was quite an English colony in the country around Oceanside, Bonsall and Fallbrook. These people brought with them, as the English always do, their love for gardens. I remember one old retired sea captain who brought all the way with him some plants of the old ivy leaf geranium, "Charles Turner."

All these ranch houses had their gardens, and the plants came from the nursery of Kate Sessions in San Diego. I remember very well the first time I ever met this fine character. It was I suppose about '95 or '96. I found my way to her nursery and Kate Sessions emerged from behind a large clump of Matilija poppy. I recall her gauntlet gloves and the pruning shears she carried. The meeting was one of those experiences one always remembers. In those days Kate Sessions was a handsome and vital woman whom it was a privilege to know, and I often think back on all the information for which I am indebted to her. Many, most probably, of the plants in my old garden in San Luis Rey came from her nursery.

When I was starved out of San

Diego County about 1901 after three successive years of drought, I saw almost nothing of Kate Sessions for nearly 20 years. In the nineteen twenties, however, I was in San Diego fairly often, and never failed to visit her and to bring her a few new or rare plants in which she took so much delight. I am not really an authority on plants which Kate Sessions first introduced. *Bougainvillea Lateritia* was one, and various Palms, and many others.

She used often to say to me, "You must spend a lot of time and trouble in bringing in new plants from all over the world." And I would reply, "Dear Lady, I am only following where you led." At her last home upon the hill, there was in the lathhouse the finest specimen of *Passiflora princeps* I have ever seen with the branches running along the top of the house, and the brilliant flowers on their long wiry stems dripping down like pendent jewels. When I think back on some of the hours I have spent in the past with Kate Sessions, I can exclaim with Bobby Burns "Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes and fondly broods with miser care."

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No two people appreciated Miss Sessions more than Marion and Henry. Besides loving her for herself, they have never forgotten her advice.

Leaves From The Observer's Notebook

MARION ALMY LIPPITT

Breakfast was over. The dishes had retired. I stood arranging a centerpiece of purple and green grapes on an old-fashioned milk glass cake stand. Henry had submerged himself behind *The Wall Street Journal*.

"Autumn is the season of fulfillment," I released, as a conversational trial balloon. Arousing no response I went on, "Autumn is the season of harvest moons, Thanksgiving prayers, strip tease acts and—"

Henry looked up. I knew he would.

"What do you mean—strip tease acts?" he queried.

"Don't blame me for the show the trees put on each fall," I parried.

The corners of Henry's mouth curled slightly. He ignored my flippancy and changed the subject at once. I guess he wanted to gain thinking time to digest the remark.

"What makes it so quiet around here?" he asked.

"School days, school days, dear old golden rule days," I sang. "Remember? The children are in school again each with a new red pencil box in hand."

Here the telephone rang and I went to answer it.

On my return I announced, "Miss Alice Greer wants a special article for the next California Garden about Miss Sessions. It's to be a memorial issue."

Henry's eyes lighted with interest and a special tenderness.

"Dear Kate Sessions," he said, "She taught me all I know about gardening."

"Like what?" I questioned, pricking up my ears for article

material.

He thought a moment and then said, "Well, first she advised: 'Approach your planting from the plant's point of view. Does it like that southern exposure? Or does it yearn for a northern one? Does it prefer sun to shade?'"

Henry smiled reminiscently.

"She was infinitely more concerned about the plant's desires than about yours. They were her children and she'd not place them for adoption in uncongenial surroundings.

"One evening when dining with a friend she told the following story on herself." (For security reasons we'll retell the story without names!)

'He built himself a \$40,000 house,' she said, 'and asked me to landscape it. When I submitted an estimate of \$400 he ranted about the expense. It disgusted me. I stamped down the path saying, 'Well, then do it yourself.'

He paddled after me pleading for my help.

'No,' I said, 'I'd rather do a 50 dollar job for a man that would love and care for his plants than a 5,000 dollar job for one who doesn't know one plant from another.'

"There was a certain grim satisfaction in her voice as she pushed herself away from the table and said:

'I told him that rich men who won't spend one per cent of their building cost in landscaping their house don't deserve a single green leaf.'

"When considering trees she advocated planting small ones. As she tersely put it, 'Most people plant a five-dollar tree in a 50

cent hole. They would do better to plant a 50 cent tree in a five-dollar hole.'"

Henry rose and walked to the window. He beckened me to come and look at his sturdy avocados and tall eucalyptus.

"She taught me never to stake a eucalyptus tree. Her reasons were that a soaking rainstorm with a heavy wind raised havoc with a staked tree. The wind gradually loosens the stake in the saturated ground and down comes stake, tree and all. She counseled, 'Buy small, young trees and let them strengthen themselves into sturdy ones by whipping in the breeze.' She would finish emphatically, 'You save expense, bother, and the risk of losing the tree after nursing it successfully through a few mild winters.'"

"I remember her directions about watering," I put in. "She would put her feet well apart, her hands on her hips and deliver an ultimatum,

'Water well and less frequently. Then you'll have deep rather than surface roots. Deep watering makes hardy plants.'"

From my San Diego scrapbook I handed Henry a letter from George Marston. Mr. Marston had written, thanking me for an article I had sent him from an eastern newspaper about Miss Sessions when she was awarded the coveted Meyr Medal of the Council of the American Genetic Association at Washington, D. C. The award was for distinguished services in plant introduction.

Henry took Mr. Marston's letter, and, glancing through it, read:

"The article about Miss Sessions

A homesick little English girl found a true friend when she walked into Miss Sessions' flower shop. Now Mrs. Fredrick T. Scripps, the little girl always shared Miss Sessions' love of growing things, is well-known for her generosity in sharing her beautiful Braemar garden.

She Said It With Flowers

EMMA SCRIPPS

It was on August 23, of 1890, that we arrived in San Diego—Father, Mother and seven children from the well established England, with its finished streets and tidy gardens. San Diego at that time was in a state of disorder, no paved streets and only short distances of board walk. The fronts of the stores resembled patchwork quilts. If the front was of wood, the back was of corrugated iron. Not one of the buildings was all of the same material. Every nationality was represented on the street. While we were almost afraid to go out, we were never molested.

We had been told there was a park on Sixth and Laurel. We were all hungry to see green grass

and trees. I shall never forget the disappointment when there was no grass. A few eucalypti stood in the bare, hard ground like giant giraffes with their long legs and a tuft of leaves for a head. Tears came to our eyes, our disappointment was so great. We met a man who told us that Miss Kate Sessions was going to help plan the park, and that different sections were given to several people to develop. In my disappointment and hunger for growing, green things, Miss Kate Sessions seemed to be a kindred spirit, and I was bound to find her.

As we drove down Fifth Street, we noticed a small shop with flowers in the window, and to my surprise and pleasure, Miss Kate

Sessions' name. I said I must see Miss Sessions. Father and Mother said, "You can not do that, we do not have an introduction," but I stuck to my point and went into the shop. My pleasure and surprise at seeing a beautiful woman with a ready smile, sparkling brown eyes and an understanding as to how I felt gave me at once a feeling of comradeship. She understood at once my hunger for garden and flowers, and there started a long and sincere friendship to last until her death.

Miss Sessions had much to offer San Diego free of charge. She had a desire to help make San Diego one of the most beautiful places in the world. Mr. Noland with Mr. Marston, A. D. Robinson, and Miss Kate Sessions had only the welfare of San Diego at heart. There was no commercial motive in their recommendations,

is most interesting. She is very worthy of the distinction she has as a good citizen and a horticulturist. She and I have worked together for many years. A month ago our pictures were taken with Mr. Morley at a garden party in Balboa Park. The party was given by the Pacific Beach Garden Club. I am enclosing a copy of this photograph, which is pretty good of us all."

Henry and I examined the picture with delight.

"Three grand pioneers. What a lot San Diego owes them," Henry said gently.

"And here's a note from someone else to whom San Diego owes a lot," I said, as I handed a note to Henry from Templeton Johnson, architect of the Art Gallery, the Historical Museum and The San Diego Trust & Savings Bank

Building, to mention only a few of his contributions. The note read:

"Miss Sessions was a rare person. A type that has disappeared from the local scene. We who knew her well can cherish stories and memories of her that will be with us as long as we live. I think of one this minute that you would enjoy."

"And there he left me without the story," I remarked ruefully, "but I know something more that Miss Sessions taught me."

"She said, 'Don't prune your shrubs away at the bottom. They should not look as if they were on stilts. They should grow close to the ground. They should look like this.' Here she would stride to the spot where the shrub was to be planted, squat down until her brown skirt touched the

ground and billowed out in gypsy fashion—a graphic illustration of how your shrub should look.

"When she came to a rank grower she said, 'Prune this one savagely.'"

Henry's eyes twinkled. Then he laughed.

"Do you remember the day she wanted to get back to the nursery in a hurry? Without a moment's hesitation she mounted the back of Milton Session's motorcycle and disappeared down the street with the scarf about her neck flying straight back like a mare's tail."

"I certainly do." I said gleefully, and gathering up my belongings I started for the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded Henry.

"To write my article about Miss Sessions," I answered, blowing Henry a backward kiss.

and if more of their ideas had been carried out, San Diego would have been more beautiful than it is today.

Miss Sessions' trips to Honolulu and Europe brought to us many valuable introductions, hibiscus from Honolulu and many other plants that were developed in her nursery. Her trip to Europe brought us the flora suited to our climate. Among these were a collection of *Mesembryanthemums* of many different colors and the *Pride of Madera*, grown on the shores of the Mediterranean, that reflected our shores and sky. She developed these plants at her home on Soledad, and not one plant that did not produce the heavenly blue was allowed to live. Her aim was to have color and beauty, that was San Diego's birthright, and to introduce drought-resistant plants.

Her collection of *Mesembryanthemums* was a prized treasure with its many colorful shadings from pale yellow to deep yellow, orange and copper, white, deep pink, medium pink, soft rose pink, and French pink with a lavender flush. There were several varieties of white, some with small flowers, others with flowers as large as the *Shasta daisy*. With this collection added to our large variety of other succulents and cactus, Miss Sessions found her palate of color.

One morning she appeared with boxes of *Mesembryanthemum* slips from each of her varieties and paid me one of the most appreciated of compliments. She said, "I want these plants to live and multiply and show what can be done with proper care. I know of no one who will care for them as you will." From that start I have given a thousand slips away.

Last spring I thought of her many times. She seemed very near to me as I walked my garden path, down the *Aloc* garden with

Miss Kate Sessions was versatile in her love of plants. She loved our native plants and often advocated their use in landscape work. She had a special place in her heart for *Aloes*, *Mesembryanthemums*, and other succulents. She could enthuse about vines and was always on the lookout for new varieties suitable to this locale. In fact, there was little in the way of native or cultivated plants that did not receive her enthusiastic attention. She was one of the first nurserymen to make wide use of

its ground covering of *Mesembryanthemums* of all colors, along the 340 foot path with the blue bay lapping against the border of *Aloes* all in bloom. Not a bloom was missing. They stood two to three feet high, their coral beauty complemented by the blue of the bay. It was a symphony of beauty to my friend, Miss Sessions.

The last time I saw her was a few days before she died. I had taken her an armful of *Bridal Veil Broom*, one of her favorite flowers. She was lying back on her pillow, looking very tired. When I stepped to her bedside, she looked up. When she saw the flowers, the brown eyes that had always had a twinkle for friends and flowers were alive again. She took them in her arms and buried her face in them. Then she came to life, and in a strong voice said, "Nurse, bring me five vases." The nurse came with the vases, and with my help she arranged the flowers as only her hands could. Then she said, "Take these to the patients who have no flowers. I shall keep one for myself." Unselfish to the last. She "said it with flowers."

She Was Versatile

LEWIS A. WALMSLEY

Juniper torulosa in her landscape work and there are many fine examples of her early plantings of this, especially in Bird Rock and La Jolla areas. *Juniper torulosa* is a Chinese variety. Apparently several strains have been introduced into the country. The type which she grew was a little more compact and better in form than many that are now being used.

Today, throughout California, *Juniper torulosa* is one of the most popular and prized landscape plants, proving the wisdom of our beloved Kate Sessions.

46th Annual

FALL FLOWER SHOW

Commemorating
Miss Kate Sessions

Featuring Chrysanthemums

November 6
1-6 p.m.

November 7
10 a.m.-6 p.m.

November 8
10 a.m.-6 p.m.

Floral Association Building

Admission 25c

Mr. Hottes describes Miss Sessions' Mesemb introductions, considered by her ideal ground cover plants as well as artistic in form.

Mesembryanthemums Miss Sessions Liked

ALFRED C. HOTTES

Miss Sessions was attracted to the vast number of Mesembryanthemums and introduced many of them to our gardens—sometimes because they were ideal ground cover plants and often because of their individual charm in form and abundant flowering. The terraces of our city are often covered with some species dating from her original planting which has been passed on from neighbor to neighbor but usually without a name of any sort, except that some call them iceplants or fig-marigolds.

Unfortunately, these terraces are a part of a lawn of devilgrass so that neither the lawn nor the Mesembryanthemums are tidy. Every two or three years the whole planting must be dug up and replanted. Fortunately, these sorts are readily propagated by cuttings—just small bits inserted in the soil without any special propagating bed being needed.

Mesembryanthemums (now called Mesembs for short) come mainly from South Africa. There are more than 2000 species of great diversity. Botanists are distressed at their differences and have decided to classify them into 120 genera, but some gardeners will always call them Mesembs. Many are recognized at a glance but some differ in minor botanical characteristics only.

Many Mesembs are dwarf ground covers, such as *Delospermas*; others are tall, upright shrubs such as *Lampranthus aurantiacus* which presents the eye-piercing masses of orange in the winter; still others are tufted plants, several inches to a foot tall, grown for the diversity of form,

many of them mimic rocks, included here are the *Pliosilos* and lithops.

The list which follows has been gleaned from the writings of Miss Sessions mainly as reported in early issues of *California Garden*, notably December, 1931, and March, 1934.

Bergeranthus vespertinus is a small plant growing in tufts of triangular leaves and yellow flowers which open in the afternoon.

Cephalophyllums are commonly seen. The stems are prostrate, the leaves pencil-like and clustered in rosettes. *C. alstoni* is well known for its brilliant red flowers; the plants never grow large, and need to be propagated often as the old plants soon deteriorate. They bloom midwinter to summer. *C. acutum* or *subulatoideus* is also compact with delightful pink flowers.

Delosperma echinatum has leaves which resemble small pickles because of the bristly hairs. The flowers are white. I like it best as a hanging pot.

Drosanthemums have glistening hairs on the leaves so that they appear as though covered with dew. The bushy plants of *D. speciosum* have coral-like foliage, copery-red flowers which can be set two feet apart to make a solid hedge two feet high and wide in two years. *D. floribundum* is common here with its magenta pink flowers covering slopes so densely that the foliage is not seen.

Tigerjaws, *Faucarias*. The juicy, triangular leaves are armed with long, hairlike teeth. There are many kinds but *F. tigrina* is the

commonest with its yellow flowers. *F. tuberculosa* has tubercles on the leaves as well as the teeth and in sun takes on a purplish appearance.

Tongueplant, *Glottiphyllum linguiforme*, has triangular, very juicy leaves which are, indeed, like tongues reaching out in all directions. Miss Sessions does not mention a lovely sort, *G. neili*, with gray leaves and soft yellow flowers. In my garden I ask my friends to feel of these leaves as they are flabby and seem a little disgusting to touch. Snails and birds keep these plants a little unsightly at all times unless watched.

Hymenocyclus croceus is a coarse growing ground cover for really adverse situations. The leaves are light green and the flowers yellow. The branches root as they run over the soil.

Lampranthus filicaule has dark green foliage so as to appear almost like coarse grass. The lavender-pink flowers cover the leaves. *L. tenuifolius* is the common bushy sort with purple flowers. *L. aurantiacus* is the common brilliant orange.

Pleosilos bolusi seems like a weathered granite rock so that we often call these plants Living rocks.

Rhombophyllum rhomboideum has triangular or irregularly angled leaves with whitish edges so as to resemble a *Faucaria* without teeth. The flowers are yellow.

Trichodiadema tuberosa is easily distinguished from other genera by oval leaves crowned with a ring of bristles. In this species the flowers are magenta and the roots are very fleshy.

Miss Rainford's memories go back to the days when women wore fresh violets — never artificial — grown and arranged by Miss Sessions.

Looking Back

ALICE M. RAINFORD

After Miss Sessions' graduation in 1881 from the University of California at Berkeley she visited the Hawaiian Islands. She had been a great flower lover from her childhood and could always arrange flowers beautifully but the trip to the Islands made a tremendous impression on her and she studied their flowers from a horticultural viewpoint. Later, after having taught a term or two of school near San Francisco she came to San Diego in 1883 and taught at the old Russ High School but she was so impressed with San Diego's climate and desirous of bringing Hawaiian and other semitropical plants here that, after only two years she began what was to be a lifelong task and labor of love.

Miss Sessions' first nursery was in Coronado, with office and retail flower shop in San Diego at N.W. corner of Fifth and C Sts.

She obtained a lease from the city of a portion of the park lands located at Sixth and Upas, and paid as rental thousands of trees she provided for park planting and for free distribution to those citizens who would plant them as street trees. In this way she introduced *Grevillea Robusta* (some still living on Fourth St.), many varieties of *Acacia*, *Eucalyptus Ficifolia* (the scarlet blooming variety), *Cocus Plumosa* palms which she planted at the Plaza and at Carnegie Library.

Before George Marston arranged for the Park Plans Miss Sessions and a small group of women who worked with her were about the only ones who made headway in getting trees planted in the park areas. She planted many of the pines, cy-

presses and oaks still growing in the section she occupied, and the group financed the planting of trees farther south nearer Sixth and Date.

During the years from 1900 to 1925 she was at the peak of vitality and enthusiasm. In 1903 she made a trip to Lower California with Dr. T. S. Brandegee seeking palms of which he had heard. They succeeded in bringing back seeds, a few young palms and pictures of the fine *Erythea* later to be named *E. Brandegeei*. Miss Sessions grew a fine lot of these palms and distributed them. The unusual feature of this palm was that it grew, in its native habitat, to a height of 80 feet with a slender trunk not over eight or ten inches in diameter and with a most beautiful head of fan shaped leaves. Bailey's *Hortus* gives a good description of this palm.

Through Dr. Franceschi and the Santa Barbara Acclimatization Association she secured many South African plants and Australian natives. Up to this year there has been a large *Auracaria Bidwilli* on the old Dr. Powers place at Ninth and A Sts. and there is still one of her plantings at Sixth above Upas.

Miss Sessions' devoted friend, Mrs. William Scripps, gave her a rare set of books on South African Flora by Marloth and she passed on to all who would listen to the lore she gathered from that climate should do better here than the European ones. She imported from Africa many bulbs and seeds, was much interested in their annual mesembryanthemums which she called Rainbows for their exquisite delicate colorings.

Miss Sessions told me she was most delighted with her success at Pacific Beach in growing the African Silver tree *Leucodendron Argenteum* and that she would like to interest some wealthy person of Mexico in planting some of them on Mexico's Table Mountain below Tijuana, for it would be seen from the ocean and would give much the effect of the original growth in Africa on Table Mountain there. Those can be seen from the Atlantic steamers and they speak of the tablecloth being shaken, for the silvery leaves are so white when the wind blows that the weatherwise can foretell a storm.

Unfortunately many of the gardens planted during Miss Sessions' most active years were in the portion of the city now being more or less rebuilt. Where she planted beautiful gardens for our pioneer citizens there are hotels, apartment houses and clinics, and soon there will be few specimens left that are of her selection.

How greatly she admired the Evergreen Elm and Cork Oak at the Kew Mansion on Sixth and Spruce. The *Podocarpus* in the Wangenheim garden at First and Juniper, fortunately preserved when new buildings went in.

Miss Sessions felt we should plant trees and shrubs which would do well here, and recommended *Abelias*, *Ericas*, *Kolkwitzia*, *Swainsona*, *Grevillea Thellmannia*, her improved *Romneya*, *Fremontia* and *Ceanothus*. She would talk of her choice *Passiflora*, *Mandevilleas*, *Bougainvilleas*, *Lateritia* and *Crimson Lake* and of many *Bignonias* and in early days when there were large

(Continued on Page 12)

Mr. Hoyt warns against fifty cent saplings that in fifty years cost five hundred dollars to remove!

Ubiquitous Eucalyptus

ROLAND HOYT

Sixth avenue along Balboa Park was a dirt road when Kate Sessions first planted the Gum trees that have come to dominate the landscape there and much of what is left to nature in this once lovely southern part of California. Later a strip was paved along the westerly side of what had become a street, to serve the traffic for a generation. Now, what with the village having grown to Mother City proportions, a broad Boulevard passes there and the immense white-boled trees mass and crowd and mark time with the passing of the generations and the simple life that was.

The city fathers had loaned her this plot for a nursery, a small portion that was arable in the 1400 odd acres of undeveloped land set aside early as a park. It is related that the rent and stipulation was that she leave trees covering the land. And there they are today . . . giants that were striplings then, huge, spectacular, picturesque, wide-wasting of the soil; with invading, filching roots and a spreading oil that greases the pavements and sickens other plants. And, don't forget, these large overhanging limbs you see may go out in the wind or drop some quiet peaceful morning, simply of the overweight of moisture collected in the night. Then too, consider the litter. They are forever dropping something, if not on people's heads, then all about in the near and dangerous vicinity . . . at one time a cast of filaments as fine almost as dust; at another time sheets and strings of shedding bark; budcaps today and the capsule itself tomorrow, and always the spent leaves, which in itself is no small matter. Few of these things were considered in those early days. Probably lit-

tle was known of the eucalyptus as to size and it is only now that we become aware and appreciative of the beauty as well as bad habits.

Other highly ornamental species found in this planting may

all available space. These are scattered pretty well throughout the planting, splendid specimens that appear to refute current prophecies of doom. If one may be permitted a "look into the seeds of time," it may be that cypress canker will be shown largely an end result of effete living.

Another outstanding exhibit in this planting is that of *Tristania onferata*, the Brisbane-box. This will be found south of Juniper street and may be determined by the warm reddish brown, uplifting stems. These trees have stood there these many years and few people have noted the very near similarity to the Madrone, that treasure of the North Pacific Slope which so many covet and so few can grow.

Getting back to eucalyptus, a few words about these old species in way of evaluation as of today, may be profitable. There is the sugar gum, *E. cladocalyx* (corynocalyx then), as good today as in the past if used correctly. This tree should be grown in poor dry soils, shallow and sterile, such as found on hillsides. In these places, the maximum of effect will be attained, the clearcut light mottled bole, so handsome against a darker contrast and the erect splayed branches which follow up to the top, scantily furnished, ultimately tuft-like, etched against the sky.

Then there is *E. maculata* and its spectacular variety *E. m. citriodora*, the Lemon Gum. The former, which is known as spotted gum, will be found here and there throughout Balboa Park, particularly in the zoo. It is a large tree tree also drops its bark, but completely, leaving the new layer smooth, white with hints of green, polished in appearance, a striking

Under the Auspices of
The San Diego Floral Association
CARILLON CONCERT

November 8, 1953
2 p.m.

In Memory of
MISS KATE O. SESSIONS
1857-1940

In San Diego Kate O. Sessions is known as the "Mother of Balboa Park." She maintained a nursery on the ten acre plot in Balboa Park (Sixth and Upas) when it was nothing but a wide expanse of uncultivated land.

She planted Balboa Park during the 12 years she occupied her nursery. As compensation for the use of city lands, she was required to plant one hundred trees a year, and to furnish trees for street and school grounds about the city.

For distinguished services in the plant introduction Miss Kate O. Sessions was awarded the Meyr Medal by the Council of the American Genetic Association in March, 1939.

Concert sponsored by:

Mr. W. Templeton Johnson, Miss Sarah C. Brock, Mrs. H. Goes Cook and Mrs. Henry Lippitt.

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be mentioned in passing. The Atlas Cedar at the intersection of Quince street is probably the best stand of any size in California and wants only the contrasting form and color of its blue variety to bring out the deep green and point up the symmetry that is natural in the type. Monterey Cypress is another tree that, like eucalyptus, is a poor neighbor and wants of rapid growth, the bark deciduous in spotty patches. The latter

and arresting accent in trunk and widely uplifting branches. The light green, lemon-scented leaves are most revigorating to smell and it loses symmetry in breakage in the wind which indicates some protection on the south or close-planting.

The Flame-eucalypt, *E. ficifolia* is extremely showy in flower. It is a substantial, smaller tree to 40 feet in height, dense round-headed and finicky. Unpredictable as to time of bloom, odd trusses may appear at any time of the year, concentrating usually over January and February, probably again in September or October . . . sparkling masses all the way through white, pink, rose, scarlet to startling crimson. Being temperamental, it's best culture calls for coolness and reasonable moisture in a light fertile soil with drainage . . . then one sees a specimen in tight adobe-clay with only winter moisture. There may be some relation between precocious flowering in the individual and a tendency to stunt, so that removal of flower heads before seeding, as long as they can be reached, may be beneficial. In any event, unless planting proven colors, more trees than expected to mature should be set, thus allowing for eradication of stunts and the inevitable poor-colored individuals.

One should be warned against Blue Gum, *E. globulus*, unless planting bottomland or other deep soils with underlying moisture. This is an immense tree 200 feet, or more in height, with great buttress and heavy limbs that break away and fall without compunction on the unwary . . . no timber here to break for in a storm. It litters insufferably and the roots sap out a large area of ground. The tree has a certain attractive character when seen at a distance, one of corpulence and enormity and towering magnificence, but we know now that fifty

years may see the fifty cent sapling requiring five hundred dollars to remove. Near at hand, the clusters of blue buds show in nice contrast against the deep green of the foliage, open to white from November to January and lasting through February. The variety *E. g. compacta* is a safer tree for the years and possibly more ornamental. At least it retains for a longer period the blue color of the typical juvenile leaves of the parent form. It is a bushy tree, symmetrically round at 25 or 30 feet, used for low windbreaks or screens.

The Australian-beech, or sometimes known as Dollar-tree, is *E. polyanthemos*. This is smaller, usually around 50 feet, open headed, the rounded grey-blue leaves tending to become more green and elongated in the mature tree. The irregular habit of growth, the early years, suggest some attention to pruning for shape and to prevent poor crotches . . . a picturesque ramification of stems may result when this is overlooked. This is a species for high heat, drought and deep cold.

Eucalyptus sideroxylon rosea, the Red Ironbark, is also a smaller tree, about as above but of finer texture and fairly dripping with color. Hanging masses of rosy-red flowers open in late winter and carry on into spring, while the fissures of the tight-breaking bark are steeped in coral or blood-red, sooty overall. This may be used safely nearer places of habitation and is highly decorative, deserving of much wider use.

The story of the newer and smaller eucalypti that have come in since Kate Session's time has been written and will be told again and again until people will come to realize that there is a sizeable fund of material to tap. This includes small trees, shrubby trees and tree-like shrubs that are finding many uses in this dry, subtropic climate.

(Continued from Page 10)

areas to cover everyone must plant Ipomea 'Heavenly Blue.' Miss Sessions' enthusiasm made her a fascinating person to be with and a wonderful speaker at club meetings.

During the period when her nursery was in the park she grew, for the cut flower trade, the finest carnations I have ever seen grown out-of-doors. At that time her friend Mr. Sievers, of San Francisco, was introducing a beautiful strain, and she made a great success with them; she also grew the finest, largest violets ever sold here and many a man or woman of San Diego will tell you that they made spending money picking violets for her after school hours. Those were the days when every well dressed woman wore a bunch of fresh, not artificial violets, when she went calling or shopping down town. Once I saw a woman who wore a corsage Miss Sessions had made of 12 bunches — it was rather extreme and I doubt if K.O.S. really admired it. She told me once that she grew up in the era of very formal tight arrangements of flowers and did not like them and that friends brought flowers for her to arrange because of her dainty loose arrangements.

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Reprinted Sessions With Miss Sessions

The following letter, written by Miss Sessions for The San Diego Union in July, 1926, is re-printed with permission of the Union-Tribune Publishing Co.

(Miss K. O. Sessions, San Diego woman traveler, herewith contributes another of her series of letters on her impressions of Hawaii):

Honolulu's fine water supply is furnished by many artesian wells, some in the very center of the business section. A new well to be 700 feet deep is now being drilled within 200 feet of an old and large well and pumping station. The Young hotel has its independent well in its own door yard.

The United States forestry department is active on Oahu, continually planting trees on the higher lands. The sharp-pointed tops of the mountains are vertible Sierras above the city and their slopes are kept as forest reserves. Fences and notices appear where such areas reach the highways. *Grevillea robusta* has been successfully grown as a forest tree and is much larger and more vigorous than we see it in southern California. *Eucalyptus robusta* is common, but the *Eu. Citriodora* was only occasionally noted. *Eucalypti* are not common about Honolulu.

A small and rather straight canal is being developed in the city by dredging a former estuary from the sea and the swampy and useless lands about it are being reclaimed. The material thrown up is a coarse, white coral, not sand and mud as out of our bay. Upon this coral-filled surface soil and foliage refuse will be spread and in a few years those many acres will be well occupied with homes. The real estate sign now reads, "Buy a lot and make a lot."

It is very surprising what will grow on such land. A Mrs. Ross has a charming home and a beautiful garden on one of the sand beaches. She first put on a layer of old coral, then some soil, then fertilized the planting spaces. She saves every leaf and old flower in pits, and ashes, as well, are used. It is hard to realize the growth that has been made in four years. She is an English woman with a love for gardening and

attractive feature as seen from the house. In this pond is a charming and beautiful blue water lily, growing so rank that they cut hundreds of blooms weekly to keep down the supply of seeds. It was a very lovely sight the day I visited the garden. The house has a large and fine lanai (veranda), which looks out over broad lawns with handsome and various trees. Next to the veranda has been grown a collection of sweet-smelling shrubs, jasmine, night bloomers in particular, so that at evening musicales both perfume and music are enjoyed. I was able to suggest *Caliandra Potoricocensis*, a lovely, fragrant night blooming shrub, and it was already growing on the college campus.

The night-blooming cactus, *Cereus triangularis*, I saw at its best in a very old hedge growing over the old stone walls of the Punahoe college campus. The second evening it was guarded by police until 10 p.m. then the public could pick the blooms. Considering the age of the plants and the amount of foliage, the blooms were few, but being all on the upper and exposed surface there were several hundreds. This variety flourishes in San Diego, clinging to rocks or walls of a house, but is best on a shaded side. There are three other sorts of night-blooming *Cereus* in San Diego, all of which should be established in our park. At the residence of the Misses Gilbert, Mrs. John Doane and Mr. McClure and *Cereus triangularis* has made a big growth and blooms regularly.

J. H. Pope is in charge of the food and fruit plants of the forestry department nursery, located on the outskirts of Honolulu and a branch on Mt. Tantulus, 2500 feet elevation. He is keenly interested in the establishment of



*From the family album
of Miss Eleanor Carroll*

has built up her ground for trees, flowers and vegetables and some fruit trees. I asked her to give us some articles for our California Garden magazine.

Honolulu also has a small fresh water stream, fed by the many little streams that form when the rains fall. These flow through several fine home grounds and are utilized in making pools and ponds and little streams through Japanese gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sherman have a large pond on their place in Nuana valley and over the edge of its dam the waterfall is a very

a real botanical garden and realizes its great value to both the islands and the horticultural interests of the United States.

Honolulu's shore, protected by coral reefs, is very charming and the beaches at Waikiki, four miles to the north, have made that section very popular for fine hotels and cottages. On the entire shore line to Diamond Head there is no promenade or well developed boulevard. In one section the road adjoins the beach. At Diamond Head the shore frontage is part of Fort Ruger, where soldiers are stationed. At Waikiki proper, hotels and private boarding houses are built right to the edge of the water. The rest of this wonderful shore line is owned by old Hawaiian estates that lease holdings for terms of years.

Honolulu has an "Outdoor Circle" club of women, with Mrs. Charles Wilder as president. A nursery is maintained and plants well established are distributed to homemakers. Another club of women manages the tree commission of the city, which has an excellent nursery and grows trees and shrubs for street and park improvements. The city maintains

this expense, but the club supervises and directs the work. Street trees are grown in five-gallon cans and then properly set out. Tree trimming all over the city and in many small parks is one of their duties. If the electric company needs to trim a tree on account of wire interference, this club sends its foreman to superintend the work. These two organizations are of great value to the city—caring for its trees, palms and shrubbery, real mothers of the beautiful and useful in Honolulu.

Mrs. E. C. Baxley, a passenger on the Los Angeles, is the daughter of the late Mrs. Elwood Cooper of Santa Barbara, prominent early garden builder, was returning from a round the world trip. She says Honolulu is far more beautiful and attractive than Ceylon. The wealth of flowers and beautiful trees, palms, vines, and fruits, is one of Honolulu's greatest assets for the tourist—next to its mild waters and great bathing features, climate and volcanoes.

Very few sidewalk trees are planted near the curb but set just inside the property line. They

soon spread out, often extend over part of the street. In most of the residential sections giving shade over the sidewalk and the sidewalk proper is all lawn and you walk there and not on cement, a real comfort to both feet and eye. The property line frequently has a high or a low hedge—all lawns are Bermuda grass—but a finer variety is grown than we know and the grass is kept very short by frequent clipping.

The great number of large trees and so much shrubbery and flowering plants makes raking of lawns a daily necessity. Often beneath a Jacaranda tree the lawn is blue and beneath the Ponciana tree red from fallen petals and blooms, yet the trees above seem perfectly full of color, so prolific are their buds and blooming qualities. Also the pink and yellow showers are glorious with their soft colorings. There are a few seedling hybrids of these two shower trees that are remarkably beautiful—and I was told that no one has been able to propagate them.

The Queen's hospital, long ago established by Queen Emma is located away from street cars, in

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ample grounds with beautiful trees, in appearance and size finer than any of our San Diego hospitals and the interior is up to date and is well managed. Unfortunately one of our party was confined there for a week, the result of a fall. The government has several hospitals connected with the various posts.

The tug towing business in the harbor is principally in the hands of the Young brothers, managed by John H. Young, a San Diego boy, son of John Young, our first undertaker.

The three naval radio stations are in charge of Commander Lloyd R. Gray, his cousin, also a San Diego boy. The Y. W. C. A. of Hilo is in charge of John Young's sister, Mrs. E. Claybourne. Mrs. Gray entertained me one evening, with all the above mentioned cousins and their families, at the radio station 15 miles from Honolulu. It was a real San Diego talking fest and several were anticipating the days of retirement and a home in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel, San Diegans, I also met. Mrs. Israel recognized me on the street and we had a good visit. They have been on the island of Kauai for 20 years, growing sugar and have been successful as farmers. They are in Honolulu with their three children for three months. Kauai is called the most beautiful of all the islands. Few tourists visit it.

Punchbowl—a small extinct crater is a high hill directly back of and above the city and was so named from its shape. Fifty years ago, on my first visit here, it was densely covered with trees and shrubs; now its sides are quite bare of trees and the inside of the bowl, where I gathered rare ferns and land shells in the hollows of the trees, is now bare, only green with grass and some old tree stumps to prove that I had remembered correctly. Punch-

bowl's top is now used annually for Easter services, as our Mt. Helix, but there are no permanent improvements. Fine homes are located on its sloping sides, because of the cooler air and fine views that such an elevation affords. The best panoramic view of the city is from its top. One looks down on trees everywhere and only a few roofs are seen among the foliage. Even in the solid business sections of the city are many large spreading trees or groups of tall coconut palms preserved in courts or auto parking spaces. It is said there are about 20,000 machines in Honolulu alone.

The islands of Maui and Hawaii each have high mountains. The greatest extinct volcano is Haleakala, on Maui, 10,000 feet high, and Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea are the two 13,000-foot peaks of Hawaii. On their sides at an elevation of 2500 to 4000 feet the residents enjoy summer cottages and week-end rests where it is decidedly cooler. There is a little snow yearly on the tops in winter but there is never frost at the 4000-foot altitudes. These islands have their cities by the shore, the harbors having made the locations from the earliest days. The size of these islands with their cooler climates it would seem, should 50 years hence make them quite densely populated.

Fifty years ago I landed at the harbors of these islands in surf boats, now good breakwaters and fine cement docks make landing easy.

Malokai, generally known as the island location of the leper settlement, has been giving people the opportunity to take up land claims—and the pineapple growing is a success there—for on the whole it has a rather dry climate. The fruit is now sent to the Honolulu canneries. John Young told me that he has 14 tugs in use, all captained by young Hawaiians—that he had a con-

tract to tow 30,000 tons of pineapples to Honolulu from Molakai this season, and I saw one large barge being towed and others being unloaded at the dock. I was told that Young could catch a man-eating shark whenever he wanted to do so by towing a dead horse far out to sea and spearing the sharks enjoying the feed.

On Hawaii the 30-mile railroad ride in a very fine observation car along the bluff of the northwest shore from Hilo was very picturesque and fine, through deep cuts, over high bridges and through two tunnels—through cane fields where the cut cane is sent to the mills in water flumes. Every inch of the roadway's sides is green with growing ferns and interesting plant life. This bluff is 300 to 400 feet above the ocean, mostly a sheer precipice and there are practically no beaches. During heavy rains there are many small water falls over these bluffs. On my first visit I counted 90. Now most of those water streams are controlled for the cane flumes.

The afternoon trip to the Volcano house, 30 miles distant from Hilo, was full of interest, a perfectly graded and paved roadway, its sides well grown with trees, shrubs and ferns, and finally as we reached the higher altitudes the trees and ferns grew in size and number. Thousands of acres of them, the best shaded by tall trees. Wherever the forest fires had destroyed the trees and ferns had grown up but not so tall. The Volcano house, a most comfortable wooden hotel, is on the brink of the great crater's edge. A Mr. Lovejoy, a brother of Miss Lovejoy, of Sixth and Laurel streets, the proprietor, gave our little San Diego group a warm welcome, with most comfortable accommodations. Two log fires were quite a treat after two weeks of perpetual mildness and considerable perspiring.

They never have frost at this

The following pages are re-prints of Miss Sessions' November contributions to CALIFORNIA GARDEN, commencing in 1909, the year the magazine was first published.

BAMBOOS

The bamboo grows in two ways—in definite clumps that increase in diameter and by spreading in all directions with underground branches.

The spreading varieties should only be planted in waste places or when there is plenty of room.

The clump variety should have space enough so its tops look well and not crowded. There are three dwarf sorts and two giant bamboos desirable to grow, easy to obtain and reasonable in price, and all of the clump-growing varieties.

The dwarf sorts are similar in growth—making canes one-half inch in diameter and six to ten feet long, and foliage feathery and decorative. One has a stripe in the stem, another a striped leaf, the third is plain green.

The two giant bamboos are

elevation of 4000 feet, but say, the amount of rain makes it seem cooler than it really is. Lovejoy produced with pride the preserved hotel register of 50 years ago, where I had recorded my arrival, with four other friends. The old hotel building is still there and is used for a clubroom—formerly it had a thatched straw roof.

The Volcano Kilauea has not been active since 1924, but in April the outbreak from the side of Maunaloa, on the opposite side of the mountain from Kilauea, was very spectacular and many wonderful photographs were taken. In previous years the lava flow was like a smooth running hot pudding—but this flow was of broken rock lava, red hot and pushed on and on like rock falling from a rock crusher. The photographs showed this interesting condition.

quite different in habit and appearance. One grows very straight and erect, and the canes of a developed plant are from 25 to 40 feet in height. The foliage a dark and rich green and very luxuriant. Its botanical name is *Deudrocalamus latiflorus*. The other is botanically *Bambusa Vulgaris*—an equally strong grower, but the huge canes bend over and sweep out at the top making a huge spread and throwing much shade. The foliage is a lighter green. All bamboos make their new growth of canes from July to November. They send up the canes in a short time, and later the branches and leaves grow out.

From June to November they need plenty of water, and a good fertilizer at least twice in the summer brings fine results. If you do not want your plant to be very large do not feed it so heavily.

A mulching of their own foliage is most beneficial.

If plants are to be transplanted or divided, do it in June and July. It is not necessary to cut to the ground all the long canes when you transplant or divide a plant. The leaves may die and fall, but new ones will soon sprout out and you can have a tall plant at once.

The same treatment applies to the common Texas cane and the variegated form, *Arundo Donax*. They grow if cut to the ground, but they also grow when the tall canes are left, though they look shabby for a short time.

There is a continual dropping of leaves and leaf husks from bamboos, and if you are particular, and do not want to clear up such litter frequently, place your bamboos where the wind will not blow the dry leaves upon the lawn or porch.

There are a great many sorts of bamboos and all are very beautiful and decorative, and all worthy of culture in large grounds, but even a few in a small garden are most attractive and easily grown.

—Nov., 1909

CACTI

Cacti are very interesting plants because of their many individual characteristics,—absence of foliage, very peculiar and abundant thorn development; sensitiveness to frost limits them to a few localities and they are not commonly grown or known; the very marvelous and beautiful flowers they produce and their growth in very dry and sunny localities.

The extensive collection established in the private gardens of Mr. H. E. Huntington at San Gabriel, Cal., is now in charge of a cacti specialist, who devotes all his time to the collection, and it is probably the best in the United States. It is growing on a sunny slope in the open.

In the city park at Riverside, Cal., there is also an excellent collection which is probably the best in any city park in California. It would be possible for Balboa Park in San Diego to have even a finer collection than these mentioned, for our conditions are fully as favorable. It is only a matter of time and interest,—a beginning should be made and such plantations increase rapidly when once begun. Mr. Morley has a plan well thought out and the Garden and the Floral Association should encourage such a beginning. In the park at the nursery and in the Golden Hill section there are quite a few good and some rare specimens. Many of these were collected in Mexico, having come indirectly from the fine collection made by Mrs. Elizabeth Grant at

her home garden in San Diego some fifteen years ago.

Mexico has many cacti and at present and for the past few years all importations have been stopped, so the cacti market is very short.

There are a few other plants that are associated with cacti groups because they grow under the same conditions—and Mr. and Mrs. Mather have made quite a collection of such,—*Aloes*, *Echevarias*, *Crassulas*, *Sedums*, *Mesembryanthemums*, *Euphorbias* and some five or six others,—names of which I cannot recall.

Some of the most beautiful bloomers are of the *cereus* group, —*C. Grandiflora*, *C. Nycticaulis*, *C. triangularis* are all climbers of various growth—night bloomers, and as they send out aerial roots that often cling and suck the surface of rock or wooden trellis and so help to climb and hold on. Mrs. John Doane has a *C. triangularis* climbing on the east side of her house. Mrs. Mitchell has the same over the walls of her *Porte Cochere*—Mr. A. D. Robinson a *C. Grandiflorus* on the east side of his glass house. These climbing *Cereus* prefer some shade. Their blooms are generally six to ten inches in length and six to eight inches in diameter and very magnificent. The rock walls about fields in Honolulu are covered with the *C. triangularis*, thousands of flowers are in bloom at once. Every good sized garden should have these growing

Cereus spaciatus is an erect growing spiny sort, — becoming three to five inches in diameter, three to five feet tall and growing in groups or clusters. Its beautiful white blossom opening at sunset is exquisite and lasts for two days, —one bloom was shown at the meeting at Mr. Naylor's. The *Phyllocacti* are a variety with flat thornless leaf-like stems (hence the name.) They bear many sorts

of colored blossoms, — white, through pinks and light red, flowers six inches in length, beautifully made and with fine perfume. This class requires some shade and makes good porch and lath house specimens for pots or boxes. A fine one was shown by Mr. Naylor. Some of this sort are known as "Queen of the Night" cactus.

The bright flowering Christmas blooming sort called "Crab" cactus should be in a hanging basket in every lath house. There are three sorts, brilliant carmine to rose and salmon pink, thornless, and easy of culture, but it requires a few years to make a fine specimen. Mrs. Becker has an extra fine potted plant on her front porch in shade. Mrs. Frick has some superior grafted plants of this variety and Mrs. Bullard of Los Angeles (the *Watsonia* Expert) has been doing a lot of such grafting successfully. It is very interesting and the plants would sell very readily at the holiday season. An erect growing *cereus* is often used for the stem and also a stem of the *Pereskia*, the only cactus with foliage. This variety is a strong growing vine with heavy foliage, savage thorns, and small greenish white flowers. Our Colorado Desert, Mohave Desert, the rocky slopes, canyons leading to Imperial Valley, the lands surrounding Phoenix and Tucson and Yuma all would yield at moderate cost handsome specimens of slow growth, very spiny, and brilliant in colors, with flowers not so extravagant but very exquisite and beautiful, though small.

Cape St. Lucas, extreme end of Lower California, would yield very fine specimens, especially of the taller growing sorts. Mr. Samuel Parsons, who made the original plan for Balboa Park, and who is a fine critic of plants, was very greatly impressed with that tall growing variety from Mexico known as the "Organ Pipe." The

Apuntia or prickly pear variety is very imposing when grown in a hedge ten to fifteen feet high and as wide, when the leaves are not mutilated with carved initials! The old hedge at the San Diego Mission should be replanted and some of the thornless varieties added.

—Nov., 1920

SHRUB PLANTING

Increase your shrub planting and reduce your lawn or so plant your shrubs when small that as they grow larger your lawn area will be reduced. Reducing the lawn in most places is a benefit, artistically and financially. As a general rule shrubs look best when their lower branches remain and the plant seems to rest upon the ground or lawn and you cannot see the main stem. The journeyman gardeners who care for lawns, generally think every spear of grass must be saved and so they trim up the shrubs beneath wherever the lower branches touch the lawn and often when they give too much shade. In time the shrubbery looks as tho' it was standing on stilts and the beauty of the plant is ruined. Some shrubs are a real necessity for every garden that one loves and especially the small and low growing sorts.

Diosma alba a "breath of heaven" desirable for its fragrant and feathery foliage and its wealth of snow white flowers.

Genista fragrans or *racemosa* is a most cheerful yellow February blooming shrub with a honey fragrance. Every garden should contain a few heathers, the different sorts bloom at various seasons and in several colors.

Swainsona loves a windy location and the plant is everblooming, but needs frequent pruning to keep it in good shape. There are some choice pink shades, one of a good light red and the white is of course the standard.

Solamun Rautonetti is a very su-

perior shrub for either a low spreading or high growing shrub. Its rich dark-blue potato-like blooms are always abundant, provided not too much good care is given it.

Frequent trims and considerable dryness keeps it in good condition. It has no dead flowers nor seed pods to disfigure the foliage.

The *Grevillea Thelemaniana* is one other shrub always on dress parade. Evergreen, everblooming and more flowers in the winter than the summer. Butterflies, bees and the humming birds are its daily visitors.

The berried shrubs always appeal to one in the fall and early winter and this year the Orange berries, Hawthorne, *Crataegus Lalandii*, and the red berried *Cotoneaster paunosa*, are more conspicuous than ever about the city.

Of new shrubs, I am trying for the first time *Septospermum Chapmanii*, its fine foliage so light and feathery is most promising and its pink flowers are said to be beautiful.

Tomassia, a U. S. Gov. introduction is a very low growing ground covering shrub that I know will be a great success. There are two in the garden of Dr. Walter Rittenhouse at La Mesa. I also saw it in the Oakknoll section at Pasadena two years ago.

I have planted also, a *Callitris*, a fine foliaged shrub that is very promising. You must watch these grow in my first garden at 1406 Plumosa, where I hope the January or February Floral Association will hold its regular meeting.

—Nov., 1922

THE SKY FLOWER

Who knows this plant? It is a fast and large-growing vine, blooming freely through the winter. Its foliage is soft and graceful, the flowers large and abundant and of a very beautiful, soft lavender-blue color. There are three

large plants in the city, one on a fence at the corner of Hawk and Hunter, one covers the entire east side of the S. C. Payson residence at Loma Portal, one is in the patio of the H. H. Timken residence at Fourth and Walnut. The plant stands considerable cold, and if nipped by the frost is not killed. This past summer, one eighteen inches tall, planted on the east side of Miss E. B. Scripps' new lath house at La Jolla, is now, November 1st, in flower and full of buds, and had made a good growth also. This will combine so well with the pink Tecomas, and if it can be given a sheltered position it will be an advantage, for the flowers are rather delicate in texture and easily bruised. Mrs. Payson tells me it is very satisfactory flower for a table decoration. Being a large grower, it must be planted where there is room for its roots, as well as a good spreading space for its abundant foliage. Its botanical name is *Thunbergia grandiflora*.

Osteomeles Schwerinae.

An ornamental spreading shrub, only two to three feet high, found in the Lanchiung Mountains at an altitude of 7520 feet, and common in arid regions north and south of Talifa.

The flowers are pinkish white and very fragrant, and the sweet, edible fruits are of a uniformly dull purple. This little shrub is very promising for a hedge. I have it growing in my garden and although two years old, it has not shown any blossoms. Its very fine foliage has a grayish appearance and its small branches are rather spike-like, but there are no thorns. Another year or two should prove its usefulness and beauty for this section.

Crataegus Yunnanensis is a most promising hawthorn, very spreading in its habit, but it may be grown erect. Its berries are fine

in color—red—and its foliage very pleasing, being a glossy green with rounded tip. Mr. Lloyd of La Jolla has a specimen plant on his lawn about four by six feet and not over three and a half feet tall.

Younger plants on the western slope of the lawn of Mr. E. T. Guyman, Sunset Boulevard, are very excellent in appearance and are making a rapid growth. Every prostrate growing shrub with good foliage is desirable for this section, because their use as a ground cover in reducing extensive lawns is advantageous.

Crataegus Lalandii, the orange-berried hawthorn, and *Crataegus cuneatum*, or *pyroantha*, the red-berried hawthorn, both have very rigid stems and a spike-like appearance, while the *C. Yunnanensis* has a softer and more pleasing foliage, quite hiding its strong spine or thorn. All are fine, berry-bearing shrubs and make excellent groups, both for their foliage and berries.

John F. Rock is a very able plant collector in the employ of the U. S. Government, and has made very interesting collections of promising material in the province of Yunnan, which borders Tibet on China's Southwestern corner. This section has snow-clad peaks, twelve to twenty thousand feet high, rising from almost sub-tropical valleys. This region is, therefore, very rich in a very wide range of plants, owing to the great diversity of climates. He has been collecting there for over three years and is still continuing, finding much promising material—both for fruit and ornament.

A New Formal Plant

A very promising plant for the formal tub, or small formal plant for the garden is *Ligustrum Henryi*. Its foliage is a bright, dark green with leaves of small size, and the plant stands pruning well. It will also be useful for low

hedges. It will grow stronger and larger than the Japanese box, and is not as dull in appearance as the common small-leaved ligustrums or privets. It will also be more useful than the *Eugenia Myrtifolia*, which grows so large. This shrub is in the nurseries of San Diego and by another year should be available for our local gardens.

—Nov., 1924

VISIT TO MR. ROBINSON

By the kindness of Mr. J. E. Elliott of Point Loma, I had a letter to Mr. William Robinson of Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, Sussex, England. Through correspondence the date of my visit was arranged and on June 28, from Victoria Station, London, I began what proved to be a most delightful trip. The distance, about 35 miles, through a charming rural section of rolling hills and cultivated vegetable fields. Gravetye Manor comprises 1000 acres of encircling wooded hills, the side sloping gently to the valley and lake therein. The house and extensive gardens are situated on the northern slopes facing the south. Above the terraced gardens a fine block of Austrian pines, 25 to 35 feet high, have been grown by Mr. Robinson. The stone house of good size, with small gables in the roof, was built in 1596, and its surface so beautifully covered with lichens of many shades, it was a picture of beauty, indeed. The gardener said, "But you should see those walls after a rain." The high slate roof showed clumps of stone-crops at many a place—and the low roof over a small garden porch was fairly gay with stone crops in browns and greenish grays and yellow blooms.

My cordial welcome was in keeping with the generous beauty all about and we were soon looking over the plants and especially noting the California wildflow-

ers in bloom. Among the fine collection of Rock plants the *Convolvulus Mauritanicus* and the Mexican Daisy was one of my pleasing combinations, so I was sure of that happy sympathy in color, with Mr. Robinson.

A fine group of heathers and beds of azaleas on the sloping hillside showed such intelligent planting and care. The climbing tuberous perennial scarlet *Nasturtium* has so daintily festooned itself over the nearby shrubs, and all the plantings seemed so well located for the best results.

The interior of the house was as interesting and attractive as the exterior. The walls all panelled in oak, each room with an individual fireplace, the bedroom doors each named and with its special knocker. The living room, study and hallway with artistically arranged flowers in beautiful dishes—the few roses, full blown, floating on water in shallow colored glass bowls; small but beautiful flower pictures on the walls.

The luncheon in the dignified and spacious dining room was finished with luscious peaches and strawberries from his own glass houses.

Discussing the flower books I had been selecting in London, I told of engaging the *GARDEN ILLUSTRATED* magazine, Mr. Robinson's own work for fifty years, but the set was short two volumes. I asked his assistance in securing them and finally the fact that he would part with his own personal set complete and bound was modestly advanced. So I asked for time to consult the book-dealer for a release of my order, which they very graciously gave and so in a few days the Robinson set was paid for and shipped to De Lau & Co. to be reboxed for the long journey via Panama Canal to its new home with The San Diego Floral Association.

The illustrations of this work are so very fine, the records of new plants and their first history, makes the books of great value to all plant and garden lovers and students and should be of much profit. Mr. Robinson's constant advice for more naturalistic planting and grouping of plants after many years had its influence on the gardens of England and we will do well to read over those fine editorials and heed their advice for our growing city.

On the way to the train he showed me his high wall-enclosed orchard and vegetable garden, the fruit trees the best that I saw anywhere, so well trained against sunny walls and so well pruned were the trees in the open.

On a distant slope I was shown two plantations of California's fine forest trees, the Douglas fir and the *Abies grandis*. Trees planted 21 years ago and allowed to grow naturally without special care. They were evidently the pride of his forest.

Mr. Robinson, though crippled by paralysis, and confined to a wheelchair is not enfeebled by his four score years, but plans and directs the care of his estate and gardens with an interest and vigor that was very inspiring to me, and since reading *Gardening with Brains* by Henry Fink, I feel assured that an interest in growing things, a hobby of gardening, in San Diego in particular, means health, joy and longevity for every one.

—Nov., 1925

NATIVES Those fortunate enough to be present at the November meeting of the Floral Association heard Miss K. O. Sessions give an exceptionally interesting account of the native trees and shrubs of California, with particular reference to those suitable for planting in and around San Diego. Only a Californian, as

the editor more or less modestly acknowledges himself to be, can fully appreciate and understand the sentimental and practical appeal of our native plants, and only a Californian, as is Miss Sessions also, can properly interpret these plants to others.

Many of our plant immigrants are wonderful acquisitions and for these and for what they have done for us, we are profoundly grateful, but to one who has known and loved our native trees, shrubs and flowers from childhood up, no others can quite take their places. It is to be regretted that more general use has not been made in California of native plants and that we have thought it necessary or even desirable to use so many aliens, beautiful as many of them are. They have done much for us, but after all would we not have done better to have planted more natives and fewer immigrants?

MONUMENTS Incidental to her subject, Miss Sessions had occasion to refer to a number of specific plantings she had made from time to time in years gone by. All over the older portions of San Diego are trees planted by Miss Sessions, trees that will be a living joy and inspiration to San Diegans long after this generation has gone. What finer monument can one have than living trees? The editor would rather be remembered by one beautiful tree that is was known he had planted, than by all the stone monuments and mausoleums in California.

—Nov., 1926

PITTOSPORUMS

The Pittosporums, so named for their pitchy seeds, are very dependable shrubs for Southern California, as they are native of Australia and South Africa. They are quite variable in size and foliage and are grown from seed.

P. heterophyllum is a prostrate grower and is excellent for a sloping bank—a general ground cover or near a pool.

P. tobira and its variegated form have very fragrant white blossoms in a close head, are winter bloomers. They grow compact and sturdy but in time become large, but will stand extreme trimming so can be kept indefinitely. The variegated form is exceptional for its silver like foliage, and is deserving of more general use.

P. viridiflorum is like a large growing *tobira*—foliage very similar but larger—it is not common—and a fine specimen is on the south and front at the N. E. corner of Third and Walnut, Mrs. Nelson Barker's residence. *P. crassifolium* is a robust shrub, with soft gray-like foliage and it is one of the very best of the few shrubs that flourish very near the seashore.

P. tenuifolium or *nigricans* has a dainty foliage, black stems and makes an excellent tall and delicate looking shrub. It stands pruning, so can be used for hedges. This variety is not so sturdy here as in central California.

P. eugenoides has pale lemon yellow like foliage, leaves are wavy and it is also better in central California but is fairly good here. This is the large shrub set regularly along the path to the organ in Balboa Park.

P. undulatum is the best large growing variety and in general favor. Its sturdy growth, darkest green foliage and its orange seed pods fully 1/2-inch in diameter, are not only very decorative but very fragrant the moment the skin is crushed. This variety will make a very superior formal sidewalk tree and stands pruning. Specimen plants should be grown in the nursery before planting on the sidewalk.

P. rhombifolium is a very hand-

some large shrub and soon grows into a real tree. Its glossy foliage (each leaflet like a rhombus) of good color and the large clusters of small orange colored berries are held for many months and makes the tree very attractive and conspicuous. A fine row of young trees on Hermosa Way, Mission Hills, by the residences of Dr. Grant and Mr. Samuel Dauchy. A fine pair is on the Ft. Rosecrans Blvd. a quarter of a mile before reaching Roseville.

One other large growing variety is *P. floridum*. Its foliage is very large and of good quality.

The very extreme in appearance from the prostrate grower, first mentioned, is *P. phillyracoides*—like an evergreen weeping willow, its abundant seed pods are large and bright yellow on the long and pendant branches, making a very attractive plant for a narrow situation or near a pool. —Nov., 1927

LETTER FROM DR. LORINI

Dr. Raphael Lorini of Colorado left in April for a year's trip abroad, being a good gardener and very observing, he wrote me in July the following letter, which gives excellent and practical information for us to heed.

"I observed, throughout Southern France and in Brittany more particularly, that about every farm house and residence, usually near the barn or cow sheds a huge pile of brush, which appeared to me, seen from the train or the motor car to be too light to be of use in the fireplace, too coarse to be of use in bedding down the domestic animals at night as weeds and other litter are used. This puzzled me not a little until I observed that this brush was everywhere, excepting in the extreme South, of one kind which I eventually recognized as the native "bruyere" or heath, which fairly covers all the unoccupied and waste land

being even used as hedge material along the roads everywhere and to mark the boundaries of field and orchard. Wherever available it is used for the same purpose in the Italian and French Riviera but occasionally the native broom is used for the same purpose instead, upon further investigation I learned that these piles of brush as they dry shed their billions of tiny leaves, forming as they decompose the finest of leaf mould, known as "terre de bruyere," which no French gardener is ever without. It is, when suitably composted with soil and decomposed manure, the finest of material in which to raise the choicest flowers and vegetables. This compost may be considered one of the products of the farm as it is in great demand in the cities and by horticulturists and brings a high price.

I noticed also that dwarfed fruit trees are very generally used now by people of small means, sometimes planted along walls or in the open garden trained on iron wires. In France and England all these trees are grafted on dwarf stock, which I suspect is the medlar (*mespilus germanica*) which grows wild throughout northern Europe. I have seen some of these trained trees in old gardens, which must have been growing very many years judging from their size and extensive branching and yet were breaking out everywhere with lusty young shoots, most of which were flower laden.

Throughout the Austrian and Italian Tyrol it is evident that the trees used in the same manner are not budded onto dwarf stock but just ordinary fruit trees judging from their size and lack of control. There is scarcely a house or barn throughout these provinces that does not show several of these trees, peach, apricot, plum, cherry, apple and quince planted against the house or barn, even on the front of the house directly upon

the public streets. But improper pruning results in scanty fruition; the trees sometimes are of such size and of such rambling habit that they cover the wall entirely or even shade the yard. The care of dwarfed fruit trees is a useful art which I have for a long time yearned to encompass and it is my intention to make a study of it when we visit the region of the Seine where many nurseries for their production are situated.

One of the most pleasing observations of our trip through England, France, Austria and Italy has been the love of flowers as shown, even the houses of the very poor, by the universal use of window boxes without and all varieties of containers on the window sills within the house, filled to overflowing with geraniums, pelargoniums, petunias, carnations, nasturtiums and not infrequently tuberous rooted begonias, gloxinias as well as foliage plants like abutilons, aralias, with an occasional azalea. These plants are evidently cared "con amore," for they always seem to be in the healthiest and most floriferous condition. Wherever a little patch of unused ground is available on the premises one is sure to find more flowers growing lustily, not to mention a few vegetables such as broad beans, scarlet runners, onions, string beans, carrots, cabbage and lettuce. How different in these respects are the houses to be seen in any of our western or even eastern towns, among people of similar economic status!

We were all greatly surprised and interested in view of the comparatively recent discovery of the Sequoia Gigantea of California to find it growing in perfection, also not a few coast redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*). In many of the Pyrenees towns we found some fine specimens growing in the parks, notably at Mauleon and along the highways. The finest

specimen of all is to be found in the Park near the famous grotto at Lourdes. It is absolutely perfect in form, not a branch or twig is missing, a beautiful dark green pyramid with a trunk at least 5 feet in diameter, 3 feet from the ground. I could find no one who knew even the name of the trees nor by whom they were planted.

We came to the Italian and Austrian Tyrol from Venice to escape the heat and being near the German frontier we came to the region of the Bavarian Alps and a day or two ago visited Oberammergau. We had an interesting visit with Anton Lang in his own home and learned from him that the 1930 Passion Play will be given next summer and we will probably revisit the place next May and witness the play. We are leaving tomorrow by auto bus for Austria en route to Switzerland where

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we will probably spend a month, after which Paris will be the goal, to my own joy and satisfaction, at least.

—Nov., 1929

WALLED GARDENS

A wall about a garden is of more value for the small garden than for the very large garden. Why? because it serves a double purpose; the inside of the wall furnishes an attractive and excellent support and background for many vines, both decorative and flowering with at least two if not three exposures. The four to eight-foot bed adjacent to the wall gives the best of opportunity for shrubs and color effects and the central portion for the lawn is reduced and yet is sufficient.

The second valuable asset of the wall is the fact that it gives privacy for the garden and the smaller the garden the more need of privacy. The only two arguments against a wall is first its cost and the second the fact that the passing public cannot see all the flowers and beauty one possesses.

When there is no wall one can grow fewer plants in variety and have less beauty for the public to enjoy. If one will look at the garden wall of Mrs. Herbert Evans, at Randolph and Plumosa Way, San Diego, and observe the vines falling over the top of the wall and the excellent display of shrubs, roses, etc., in the 2-foot space at the base of the wall next to the street, they will certainly realize that a very fine display is there maintained for the general public to enjoy and they will anticipate the beauty that lies over the wall on the inside and wish for a wall about their own small garden.

The privacy of the walled garden makes it possible for the owner to live in the garden at all times and to entertain more often and this outdoor life is what we should strive to encourage more

and more in this climate. The lath house Mr. A. D. Robinson encourages as an open air living room.

Of what are walls made? Brick, laid up in the Flemish bond pattern, as Mrs. Evans wall, left plain or stuccoed on outside only, to match the stucco house. A hollow tile wall, plain or stuccoed. In Loma Portal there are excellent plain tiled walls.

The wall about the Cross in Presidio Park is of brick and plastered to represent adobe, which all the old Missions of California used for their enclosing walls.

An adobe wall might be the cheapest if one had the proper soil near at hand and could make them in or near the garden.

The large garden has the room to plant hedges and so enclose a section of the garden without the roots of the hedge destroying other plants.

—Nov., 1929

TREE STAKING

Before the winter comes is a good time to restake and retie young trees and large growing shrubs. The stake should always be placed on the leeward side of the stem, so the tree will lean against the stake and not away from the stake. Most stakes are set on the windward side so the tree leans away from the stake, which is entirely wrong. Besides setting the stakes on the leeward side the *ends* of the branches on the leeward side should be frequently nipped off, but do not cut the branch off. The branches on the windward side or toward the prevailing breezes should be allowed to grow longer as these heavier and longer branches help to hold the tree more erect. If you begin with a small tree and trim as directed, a stake is seldom necessary for the long branches to the windward and shortened branches to the leeward will keep the center stem erect.

A tree should carry every

branch it bears from the ground up but keep them shortened off at the ends. The more leaves the greater the growth. When the tree is large enough to walk beneath its higher branches and it is to be a street tree or a shade tree in your garden, then and not until then should the lower branches be cut off. These many lower branches are practically short from the constant nipping back which has induced the more rapid growth of the main and central stem. It is a great mistake to allow a tree that is to become a shade tree to develop low down on the trunk a second strong stem.

In planting a tree be sure to investigate its matured size and so place it that when it is grown it will have sufficient room and be a credit to its home and surroundings. The important necessity is a well-prepared hole with good drainage, a good stake at least eight to ten feet out of the ground and of redwood 1½-inch by 1½-inch or 2-inch by 2-inch and pointed so it can be firmly set. The tyings should be changed once a year at least while the tree is young. Never use wire unless covered by a short piece of old hose. This is best used when the trees become larger. Most trees will be self-supporting after two or three years when the main stem is developed and the branches have been kept properly headed in.

—Nov., 1930

TREES

When the Eucalyptus grove between La Mesa and Spring Valley was given as a public park by Mr. Walter Lieber of La Jolla, on July 4th, 1930, the dedication ceremony was held. Mr. Geo. W. Marston read three very beautiful poems that are worthy of more frequent reading. The more trees we grow their beauty appeals to us the more and it is trees that our City of San Diego needs most

of. We need beautiful, well grown trees and we can have them only by giving constant thought and attention to them.

For the streets—the number is limited that are really hardy and long lived and not a refuge for some pest. The Native Oak is superior for the country roads, set inside the property line and 100 feet apart. Some of the Eucalyptus may be set in the same way. Also the Carob, the Grevillea Robusta, Incense Cedar and Parkinsonia aculeata and for sections of deep and damp soils like Mission Valley the European Sycamore and the Lombardy Poplar will make large and handsome trees of long life and though both are deciduous they are bare but for a few weeks in the winter.

For our city streets some of the smaller growing trees are more satisfactory—such as *Acacia floribunda*, *Hakea laurifolia*, *Eucalyptus ficifolia* and *e. Sideroxylon Rosea*, *Pittosporum undulatum* and *P. rhomboidifolium*, *Parkinsonia* or *Palo Verde* and *Ligustrum Japonicum*, which is one of the best and it is the least known, can be set out if fair size, stands trimming well and is always green and clean looking. *Melaleuca leucadendron*, another interesting tree that is not known nor used.

—Nov., 1930

ACACIAS

Acacias are generally known as winter and spring bloomers, for the different varieties bloom at different times, but now late in October *Ac. Discolor* is coming into bloom and promises to be an attractive small tree. The light yellow flower balls are arranged in a long single spray 6 to 10 inches long and the leaves are fern-like, medium size and dark green.

A. dierrichiana is another fall variety, a shrubby grower with narrow light green leaves and sprays of pale yellow flowers that

are very fragrant and keep well in water.

In November the gray leaf *A. Podalyriaefolia* comes into full bloom with its clear and brilliant yellow flowers—the small tree being most welcome to the late fall garden. By December the favorite and well known *A. Baileana* is full of buds and blossoms and by March 1st *A. pubescens* is in flower (that rare sort even in southern California), but in general cultivation under glass in the large cities of the east and Europe.

Of late years carloads of *Acacia* blossoms have been shipped East from the San Francisco Bay region. The process of treating the flowers for their preservation, I believe, is a secret. From those who have bought these flowers in the East I learn that they are in a very satisfactory condition and much appreciated. It will be interesting to learn which varieties are shipped. There are probably about 35 varieties being grown about San Diego.

Dr. T. Wayland Vaughan, of La Jolla, has planted a rare collection on the hills above the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. These he raised from seed from Australia.

Acacia prominens is a very fast grower and promises well for our gardens and possibly good for the street. Though it may require considerable pruning. All *Acacias* should be quite heavily trimmed as soon as their flowering season is over. Bone meal is the most reliable fertilizer for *Acacias*.

—Nov., 1931

FERNS

To grow ferns from spores (the seed) success is sure when the proper preparation of the soil is made.

Powdered brick dust with a little powdered charcoal placed in a well drained, shallow pot or deep saucer. Heat for half an hour to sterilize all and when cool

moisten and then sprinkle evenly the spore or spore dust over the top. Place this in a larger pot and stand in a saucer of water and place glass over top of large pot. Keep in a warm place—in a glass house or on a window ledge. The glass cover will maintain a surface humidity which is very necessary.

In a month a green mossy appearance will be seen and soon the little ferns will begin to appear. When an inch high they can be transplanted into small pots filled with finest leaf mold soil and some peat mixture and charcoal dust.

Maidenhair ferns will generally fill a five-inch pot in twelve months from spores.—Nov., 1931

LANTANA CULTURE

Lantanas are our most colorful shrubs with a very long season of bloom. There are the low-growing clear yellow, and good pink—larger growing cream, pink and orange shaded and the trailing purple. There is an attractive pale pink and cream, a medium grower that is very choice and more quiet in color. There is the taller grower of shaded orange that turns to a bright red in the fall, and the tall growing yellow and tall white which are seldom used. The one strongest grower has a dingy pink and harsh yellow flower. It is a heavy-seeder and is greatly enjoyed by the birds; as a result seedlings often appear in gardens and should always be destroyed, though their vigor makes them seem attractive when young.

Late September all lantanas should have a light trimming which will cut off the long and almost flowerless stems. Then a short new growth will quickly develop and flowers will soon set and be attractive well into and through the winter. A continued trimming of lantanas keeps the growth short and blooming and

where space is an object they will serve even when severely pruned. In March a real heavy pruning is very necessary to keep the plants from becoming too spreading and ragged in appearance. When this trimming is done a good fertilizing is helpful. Lantanas demand the very least of care for the generous results of color given.

If lantanas are grown where there is yearly some frost, it is best not to prune until late spring and then cut back past all the dead twigs. The trailing purple lantana is not sensitive to the cold so can be used for covering slopes, low banks and parking spaces on the street with good results. It can also be used as a vine held up against a wall with a wire mesh or a light trellis. We should avoid placing red or pink near the purple but the yellow or white would be in pleasing contrast.

The more we consider color contrasts in the garden the better the results—one touch of white is helpful rather than a quantity.

—Nov., 1933

AUTUMN COLORINGS

Visitors returning from the East and the Middlewest are reporting

the beauties of the autumn foliage this year and Southern California realizes the loss of such fine displays of foliage unless one journeys to the mountainous sections and even then there are so few varieties under cultivation that can produce the vivid colorings. However, about San Diego, the Boston Ivy-Ampelopsis Veitchii—has been particularly fine this year during the past months and in many places is still partly in foliage. The Virginia Creeper-Ampelopsis radicans was seen in fine color over the north wall at Mr. George Marston's garden last week and proves the necessity for its use when properly placed. An uncommon but interesting shrub is the Pistachio nut which takes on the most vivid shades of red and some yellows. It is a small shrubby plant, in full growth not over eight feet and deciduous—well worthy of a place for its fine autumn colorings. It does not flourish in cold climates. Its nut gives the green coloring for candies and ices. The two ampelopsis—clinging—should be in every garden—just one plant of each. The Lombardy Poplar is our only bright yellow foliage fall tree;

even it needs some cold to make its colorings brilliant and keen. If the Mission Valley Road leading to the old Mission ever becomes a reality bordered with this poplar as planned, and planting begun two years ago, it will be a fine feature of the fall for our city as Mission Valley feels the cold more than any other part of San Diego. The fruiting persimmon has choice autumn colorings and is very attractive with the ripening fruit.

The Sweet Gum or Liquid Amber tree of the Southern States takes on a good autumn coloring about Pasadena and will fit some locations in San Diego with good results.

Our Bougainvillea, Bigonia venusta, Poinsettias, Cassias and Nandinas are full of colorings for us in November and December and give a brightness to our abundant green shrubbery. Even some aloes are showing their brilliant flower spikes in November and the winter blooming and everblooming Mesembryanthemums will be in flower from December on until spring.

—Nov., 1933

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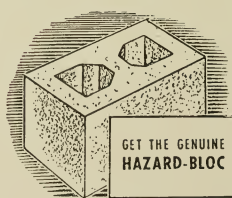
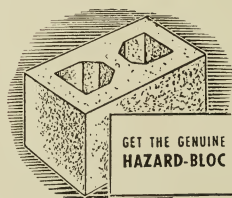
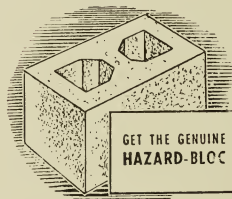
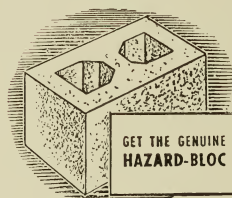
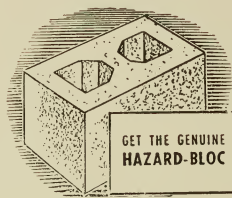
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